

BOTHVELL BANKS IS BONNY:

OR,

A Description of the New Mylne of *Bothwell*.

39

To the Tune of, *Who can blame my wee.*

Waking by the Christall streams
of Clyd, at all good leasure:
The Month which keeps the name
at brave second *Cesar*.
Thy bonny blooming *Bothwell* banks,
(to paint truth on Paper)
Of thee with all his martiall ranks,
viciously did vaper.

And passing by a path did lead
by *Adier* Br. ott feittly.
A *le* which mov'd me to take heed,
and sing and say most sweetly.
Since *Ceres* with her golden arts,
hath now begun to haunt thee:
We shall consent, with joyfull hearts,
we cannot live and want thee.

Which voice it self could no soon bound,
though solemnly it sounds it:
Till at the very just rebound,
the vocall Nymph reounds it.
Which as upon *Apollo's* harp,
doth strike upon the waters.
And friddouns there both flat and sharp,
then musing on such matters.

I went straight-way to *Meggats* stone,
and there without cessation
I found of these things each one,
in a demonstration:
his daughter fair
to pe did

In a course with me just there,
of Clyds delights the Center:

And said they were to go about
to clear the summe for certain,
Of future things was to fall out,
till now, which seem'd uncertain:
Then told conform to what's before,
they had a song contrived,
The Nymphs that *Bothwell* Banks decore,
to prompt the same subscribed.

Unto the pleasant Birds in Banks,
a Organs fit to vent it;
With cheerfull notes then gave they thanks,
in token they assented.
The subject a prime edifice
of stately stamp and modell:
Was never seen such rare device,
within the Banks of *Bothwell*.

This house they straightway consecrate
to *Ceres* her devotion,
To hold heer choicest Courts thereat,
against all contrare motion,
To which the Dame gave her paroll,
and said this sentence myland,
This shall be my chief Capitall,
within all *Britain's* land.

And there anone within a space,
for she had once possess'd it;
Great pontifex unto that place,
the noble *Ceres* invest'd
A leave of Vicar, to allot,
for ever a granting.
For new Mills want a jot
of never wanting.

This suffragan must wear one form,
still after his installing:
A Cap and Cassick both conform,
and proper to his Calling.
His Orbs, his Sphears, his Font, his Fire,
still arte by arte advancing:
All run, turn, burn at his desire,
his Sirp cloths white and glancing.

Nest *Robin* they creat off hand,
their Herauld with commission,
Who fairly took it off their hand,
and that with low submission.
Then *Robin* with his Crimlon breast,
on tops of Trees doth venter,
For to proclaim a Christmas Feast
to all the Birds in Winter.

For lorgeffe, sayes he, of that lot
whetewith Dame *Ceres* serv'd us,
That we have found an Antidote
against our foes that starv'd us:
For when these Tyrants, scant and cold,
makes us to chirp and chirle,
Wee'l find some Cordials at this Hold
more priz'd by us then Pearl.

This service done, the Birds resort
to *Robin*, and can thank him:
And singing to his praise a port,
among the best they rank him.
Yet for all that, the Fowles of rief
has *Robin* smally thanked,
For why, no kind of Flesh or Beef
was to be at that Banquet.

For lacking that all kind of Grain
by them is much abhorred:
And so they count his song in vain,
but *Robin* car'd not for it.
Yet wee to hear poor *Progne* flyte,
with Tunes not very pleasant:
He knew, the cause was of her spite
that she could not be present.

To swage fair *Progne's* wrath, just now
when fruits are ripe in season:
To make an In-fare they all vow,
as best becomes, and reason.
The which they hold with merry jest,
and all to shew their breeding.
The *Lark* was Minstrell to the Feast
all time they were a-feeding.

Bacchus and *Ceres* both, no doubt
were there but for surprizes:
To *John Cers* gave strait warrants out,
just at the next affizes,
Hunger to hang, that cut-throat lown,
unworthy their tuition:
And drought without delay to drown,
by legall execution.

Then each Bird descant some new spring,
each other still out-stripping:
In dance, the *Partridge* led the ring,
that never tyres of tripping.
The *Merle*, for more Ale he cries,
sayes *Praet*, Brew-thick, who'l vent it:
When Hostlers hears of that brave guise,
we hope they shall resent it.

This Feast to crown, the *Cock* so shrill,
as Trumpeter elected:
He blew a blast, which to the Mill
made head, as he directed.
With which there's few can be compar'd
for double Grist, or Gradzean:
Her Clap, with ease, may well be heard
through East and West *Moormadzean*.

Much folk fortell, that of her good
they will be much the better:
Both Fowl in Wood, and Fish in Flood,
confesse to be her debter.
To her all *Bothwell* Nymphs cry out,
our blessing still do haunt thee:
So long as thou may turn about,
we cannot live and want thee.

Then who can think this edifice
were not worth our description:
Not wanting a rare Frontispice,
fixt with a fair inscription.
So surely situate on a Rock,
that no deludge can daunt her:
Still cast ng up a stately Dock
against the braes of *Blantyre*.

The double streams comes her upon,
at first which runs compactly:
Divided by a native stone,
which cuts the same exactly.
Such branching sure is not in vain,
which (if I prove leill guesser)
Serves both for him that flowres the Grain,
and for the fine Cloth-dresser.

All this cryes up the Craft-man still,
and that in all discourses:
Who, both in Fire-works has fine skill,
and als in Water-courses,
There's none beholds his plots, needs strive
in any thing to check him:
Timantus, though he were alive
would scorn for to correct him.

Who's gifted with (as the case stands)
to many's apprehension,
For quick dispatch, *Briarius* hands,
and for his rare invention:
A *Dadalus* may well be call'd,
who, which did cause great mournings
At *Athens*; built in *Crete* that Hold,
with many doubtful turnings.

As he knows how (no doubt) with ease
like *Dadalus*, to manage
His soaring flight, safe ovr the seas,
of skaith, or any damage:
For his Land-lord, we play, like things
that envies heat eschewing:
May safely, with well foddered wings,
all perills passe of ruine.

In sixteen hundreth fiftie eight,
of our most blest Redeemer:
The foresaid Month, the Muses taught
this song; let no mis-deemer
Sinisterly construct our mind,
since that our prime intention
To sport and peice are still inclin'd,
abhorring all dissent on.

FINIS